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The House of Love

WILL D. MUSE



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THE HOUSE OF LOVE

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BY
WILL D. MUSE



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THE CORNHILL COMPANY
BOSTON

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1920

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TO HER

*Whose faith and prayers have followed
me wherever my wandering foot-
steps went, and whose tears have
watered the burning desert
of my soul—this volume
of verse is
dedicated.*

MY MOTHER

INTRODUCTION

In every life there is a long, long night of waiting, yet somewhere, it may be beyond the reach of human sight, there always shines the STAR OF HOPE against the purple robe of darkness, and sometime, somewhere, its gleam will fall across life's pathway, and while it shines the heart shall forget its sorrow and disappointment in the wordless joy of love and fulfillment.

Feet may grow weary, hands may be tired of holding the tangled skein of life, and shoulders may ache beneath the burden of the slow-dragging days; but there is a road, a road that never turns back, leading on and on through all the days of endless waiting, and all the nights of tortured sleep. A road ever winding beneath the twilight skies, and ever lighted by the sunset's crimson gleams.

It is the road that leads to THE HOUSE OF LOVE.

"For, out through the years that are ever thralling,
And up to the gates of Heaven above,
There is just one path that is calling, calling,
It's the path that leads to THE HOUSE OF LOVE."

--From "*The Only Road*"

HILLS O' HOPE.

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THE HOUSE OF LOVE

The House of Love

THE HOUSE OF LOVE

There's a little house at the very end
Of the roads that wind, and wind,
A little house where the roses bend,
A home that my tired feet find;
It's the House of Love with its open door,
Where the candle of hope e'er gleams,
Where the heart can rest and grieve no more,
With the best of life's long dreams.

It's a little house with eaves hung low,
And its dear door open wide;
Where a voice sings low in the flickering glow
Of a wondrously bright hearth-side;
It's a place where hearts are ever true,
No matter if hands must fail;
Where dear lips cling in the dusk and dew,
It's the end of the winding trail.

UNANSWERED

Oh! how I wish you could answer, tonight,
The cry of my heart in its wild demands,
Bringing the joy and the old delight,
Touching my face with your beautiful hands;
Somehow, it seems that long years have passed,
Since I held you, and kissed you, my dear,
Yet we still wonder if, somewhere, at last
There are not hands to dry every tear?

Alone, by the hearth where the ashes are gray,
I've waited and watched, and wanted you so.
Bitter the cup to my lips, as I pray,
Waiting, and watching—though you never
know.

Cold is the world in its mad rush for gold,
Hard is its verdict, barren its creed;
Never it cares when faces grow old,
Laughing when hearts cry out in their need.

Oh! how I wish you could give me, tonight,
Just the dear presence that comforts so much;
Bringing back, out of the past, the delight
Of hands that strengthen and calm by their
touch;
Bitter the apple of dust that we take,
Empty the house that is built on the sands,
I want you, tonight, to ease the old ache
In my heart, with the touch of your beautiful
hands.

THE WALL IS HIGH

The wall is high
Around the garden of your heart;
Fast barred the gate—
No footsteps sound within,
No bird sings to its mate.
Outside, alone, I wait
And waiting sigh—
The wall around your heart is high, so high!

The lock I cannot break,
That keeps me prisoner outside.
I call in vain,
I turn my back upon the world,
Tears fall like autumn rain:
My lone heart groans with pain,
And yet my faith still tells me you will wake,
And then the joy of you will ease the old, old ache.

The wall is high—
Around the garden of your heart,
But oh! the peace, the joy, the bliss
(That now I miss,)
When this wall shuts me in, with you!

MY WORLD

I do not seem to know, or care
That grey clouds blot the skies;
Your smile makes sunshine everywhere,
My world is in your eyes.

The burden of the day falls light
Upon me now, it seems,
For, 'neath the curtain of the night
You soothe me in my dreams.

Though 'tis beyond the evening star
To where earth's boundary lies,
I will not wander very far,
My world is in your eyes.

DREAM MAGIC

I had a fleeting dream last night, a dear, dear
dream of you,
I held your hands in mine and looked into your
eyes of blue;
We sat close, where the firelight fell in softly
flickering gleams,
As it is always falling, dear, around us, in my
dreams.
The dull, dull ache of wanting you, the torture of
demands,
Was soothed beneath the magic touch of your
restoring hands.

I had a dream of you last night, the burdens of
the day
Slipped from my tired shoulders all because I
heard you say,
“I love you, Dear, I love you”, tho’ my lips voiced
no replies,
For they were dumb with gladness at the love-
light in your eyes;
Home, home again from roaming, it was enough
to know
That you were there beside me, you whom I’ve
wanted so.

I had a dream of you last night, a dream so
quickly past,

For on the dial of human hearts the shadow turns
so fast,

But on my face it left a smile, upon my lips a song,
A sacred memory in my heart, tho' dreams are
never long;

Today I take my burden up, and ever light it
seems,

Because I feel the dear, dear hands that clasped
me in my dreams.

THE APPLE BLOSSOM ROAD

The apple-blossom road lies far toward the hills
o' hope,

And oh! the golden glory of the sun-down gates
ajar!

With valley green, and sun a-gleam upon its
emerald slope,

And nightingales a-singing beneath the twi-
light star—

Adown the weary stretch of years we often look
and long,

While through the halls of memory our truant
footsteps stray,

We listen to the echo of some old heart-throbbing
song,

And hear faint voices calling us along the prim-
rose way.

The apple-blossom road lies through the years
that turn and turn,

It leads us on 'neath azure skies and drifting
clouds of white;

Where from a purple casement God's altar-
candles burn,

Until the silence calls adown the minster-aisles
of night.

It is a path that turns and turns through all the
fallow years,

But oh! the happiness, Sweetheart, of toiling
 'neath the load,
Through all the hours of deepest woe, and sor-
 row's rain of tears,
If always you are near me, on the apple-blossom
 road.

The way I came was dreary, and bruised by wan-
 dering feet,
My heart was starved for love, my lips longed
 for Love's clinging kiss,
Each year was just a weary year, parched with
 the summer's heat,
For oh! it's lonely, waiting for the arms of Love
 we miss.
I have waited for your coming where the golden
 sunlight gleams,
And the twilight shadows gathered as I count-
 ed o'er my dreams,
But now, Sweetheart, there is no rue, there is no
 heavy load,
With your blue eyes always smiling on the
 apple-blossom road.

IT'S WONDERFUL TO HOPE WITH YOU

It's wonderful to hope with you, my Dear,
Beautiful hope which brings
Sunshine and peace to days so drear,
A song to the soul's taut strings;
I count o'er my memories, one by one,
Holding them close, when the day is done.

It's wonderful to build, as I dream of you,
A cottage with eaves so low,
Where love would wait, in the dusk and dew,
And roses would bend and blow:
A cottage—where all that I want would be
Waiting and watching, each day, for me.

It's wonderful to think that nothing could mar
The touch of your dear, dear hand,
That home would always be where you are,
To comfort, and understand:
Adown Hope's pathway my face still turns,
To you—and a fire-light that brightly burns.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

Today, my Dear, and yesterday it seems,
Your smiling face is woven in my dreams.
And each Tomorrow, as they come and go,
With all the pomp, and ever changing show,
All bring to me some little secret part
Of you, that leaves a song within my heart.

The drifting clouds, the sky so hazy blue,
The bending rose all wet with twilight dew,
The summer winds that blow from fields so fair,
Like your dear fingers stealing through my hair;
All lure me on, and always on, it seems,
To meet you, somewhere, in the Land of Dreams.

Oh! Land of Dreams, oh! ghostly twilight land,
Each day I yearn to find your far-off strand
Each night I pray, with lips that humbly plead,
That God may know, and understand my need;
Each night I wait, while aching eyes look far
Into the dreary darkness, where you are.

L'Envoi—

Oh! Land of Dreams, oh! shadow-land, so dear,
Open your gates, and let me feel them near,
Whose smile brings joy; and let me feel their
hand
Reach out and touch me from that spirit-land.

WHERE THE FIRELIGHT GLEAMS

Out the long street so narrow and so winding,
Out where the stars so very brightly shine,
There is a path my feet are always finding,
And at its end is all I want, for mine—
There lies the joy of all my daily dreams,
There, where the firelight, ever friendly, gleams.

At each day's end, though hard it is, and dreary,
My feet are eager for the path which lies
Beyond the toil that makes the shoulders weary,
The path that ends beneath the twilight skies—
The love is there, which guides my steps aright,
Watching and waiting in the fire's soft light.

Long seems the day, because my heart is roaming,
Slow comes the night because my lips must miss
Other dear lips, as in the twilight gloaming
I want the gladness of a comrade kiss—
The one I love, my joy, my life is there,
The firelight gleaming on her golden hair.

THE OPEN GATE

How fares it, Friend, upon life's winding road?
Your pathway lies so far apart from mine,
I never know how heavy is your load,
Or if the sunbeams on your pathway shine.

How goes it, Friend, out there where e'er you are?
My hand ne'er meets your hand in clasp so
true,
Altho' I know each separate, silent star
That shines o'er me, shines somewhere over
you.

How fares it, Friend, you whom I used to know
In other days, when life was bright and fair?
Time is a miser!—that was long ago—
And he has sprinkled snowflakes in your hair.

How goes it, Friend, along Life's winding way?
Death's twilight comes, the while we watch and
wait,
We will be tired when comes the end of day—
And I shall meet you at the open gate.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS

Ofttimes we smile when tortured lips are aching,
Ofttimes we sing when heart is near to breaking;
We sow and reap though weary drags the day,
Our faith still sweet, though skies are dull and
gray—

For hopes are always close akin to fears,
And laughter lies so near, so near to tears.

When to our listening ears an old voice calls,
And once again, we stray through memory's halls,
To the glad world we must be glad and gay,
And hold our heart-aches till the close of day.
Twilight! and memories of the yester-years!
Ah! laughter is so close akin to tears.

We miss a hand-clasp that we used to know,
We hear, again, a voice call soft and low,
Our hungry lips for other lips still plead,
Tho' the glad world knows nothing of our need—
An old, dead song drifts to our listening ears,
Oh! laughter lies so near, so near to tears.

WHEN YOU NEED ME

When oftentimes the weight of dragging days
Falls like some heavy hand upon your heart,
When weary feet take duty's crooked ways,
And from tired eyes the tears, unbidden, start,
When your voice calls, despite life's empty creed,
It is a joy to answer to your need.

When shattered hopes, like idols, turn to dust,
When sad you kneel in life's Gethsemane,
It's sweet to know that naught can kill your trust,
And that, somewhere, you're always calling me:
For though between us night's dark miles may
fall,
Nothing can stop my answer to your call.

So, day by day my thread of life is crossed
With yours, my dear, until they are as one;
And I shall count the long years worse than lost,
Unless I serve you 'till life's days are done:
For I shall count the love, forget the rue,
If I may always, always comfort you.

DENIAL!

If, after long, long, weary, empty days
Of gnawing want and maddening, numbing pain,
Fate were most kind, and smiling gave to you
The chance to hold me, have me, once again;
Would you stop then, Beloved, to count the cost
Or keep me from you 'till all hope was lost?

After the hell of dark and dismal nights,
When purple lips piteously framed a prayer,
If, once again, you could reach out your arms,
Reach out and find me close against you, there,
Would you withhold one eager, clinging kiss,
Or cheat me of the joy—tonight I miss?

And when you stop to measure life, at last,
Measure the days by what they give, or hold,
The want, the hunger and the loneliness,
The empty arms, and lips so drawn and old;
Would you give less than all—though wrong or
right,
If I were there, close in your arms, tonight?

APRIL

Oh! we see your tears a-gleaming as we go each
winding mile,
But the tears are oft forgotten 'neath the sun-
shine of your smile;
While you scatter apple-blossoms on the perfume
laden breeze,
And give out your richest nectar to the pirate-
roaming bees.

Breathless we wait and listen! and we hear the
brown thrush sing,
While the silvery sunbeams glisten on its ever
restless wing;
Every balmy breeze is bringing whispering mem-
ories of thy voice,
While the echo of it ringing makes the whole wide
world rejoice.

Tho' the vagrant clouds are drifting out across
the azure skies,
We can see them slowly rifting 'neath the sun-
shine of your eyes:
And we watch you quickly herding all the white
clouds in the west,
While you hold the unborn roses closely to your
pulsing breast.

Twilight stars begin to gather on the moon-
encrusted slope
Of the stairway you have builded with the jewels
of your hope;
So the days are filled with glory by the sunshine
in your eyes,
And the breast of night is pulsing with the bur-
den of your sighs.

PAY DIRT

I wandered down from the hills o' fret toward the
valley o' sweet content,
And I didn't give a tinker's dam which way my
ole hoss went;
I passed the house of Discontent, an' hit fer the
windin road,
With a trace-sore soul, and a back all bent with a
hell-of-a heavy load.
An I wondered how the sun could shine, an the
measly birds could sing,
For I was tired—too tired to kick at bein hung—
by jing.

My ole hoss kept up a shamblin gait, as he heaved
his sweat-soaked hide,
An I wouldn't a keered if the hoss an me had laid
rite down an died;
Cause there didn't seem much that was wuth the
fight—an nothin left to learn,
An it seemed that somebody shore had lied bout
the lane that has no turn;
The old back trail had been some rough, and
the pay dirt hard to find,
And there wasn't much but fool regrets mixed
up with the tracks behind.

It made me sore as I thrashed it out; an I jerked
on the bit so hard

That I brought the blood to the hungry mouth of
my heave-afflicted pard;
Though I knew damned well he wasn't to blame
for the fool mistakes I made,
'Cause I hitched him up at every camp, an danced
while the fiddler played.
But you know how mean an weak an hard we
git, when luck breaks bad,
We jest go nutty, an shore fergit all the luck we
ever had.

So we jogged along, my hoss an me, a-hittin the
sundown trail,
My heart wus sore, an my hoss wus sore frum
his nose to his ragged tail,
When, all of a sudden the ole road turned rite up
to a lean-to door,
An say, I hope thet I shore nuff die if I ever lose
hope enny more;
Fer there in the door set the purtiest thing I ever
seen dressed in clothes
An God hed painted her eyes sky blue, an mashed
on her cheeks a rose.

She wus settin there with the fadin light asleep
in her golden hair,
An I know an angel in Heaven can't be one hon-
ery bit so fair,
As she rocked, I heerd her a-singin low to some-
thin she held up tight

In her sun-brown arms—an I knowed thet God
had shore 'nuff done things right.

So I said to my hoss as we jogged along toward
the end of a ragged day,

“If ever we strike pay-dirt like this, we’ll stake
off a claim an stay.”

THE WEAVING OF DREAMS

I miss you when I'm waking and the crimson sun-
light gleams
Through dawn's half-open windows, as the world
sighs in its dreams,
When the morning star is slipping down the twi-
light's western stair,
I can see the sunbeams mingling with the spun
gold of your hair:
And along the trail of sunrise I can see you com-
ing, Sweet,
With the dew-kissed flowers smiling in the path-
way of your feet.

I miss you at the noon-time, when within the
market-place
I search a million faces, all in vain, to find your
face,
When the load of life is heavy, and the heart-
strings almost break,
When the lips are numb and wordless, and the
tired fingers ache,
The memory of you lingers, like the touch of
hands so fair,
And I see again the sunbeams hiding in your
golden hair.

When day is done, and night comes, Dear, I miss
 you most, it seems,
And each thought of you is woven in the fabric
 of my dreams;
All the hunger of a lifetime crowds into my
 yearning sighs,
And I long to lose life's winter in the summer of
 your eyes:
So! alone, I wait and listen for your footsteps
 coming fast
Down the path of life, to meet me, and I'll have
 my dream, at last.

MY GUEST

Love came into my home one day,
Laughingly said he had come to stay;
He did not ask if I wanted him,
But smiled at me o'er the tea-cup's rim,
What could I do, what could I say,
When Love came into my home to stay?

Love came in and wanted a home,
Said he was tired of having to roam,
He romped with the kids 'till they laughed in glee,
And then he lovingly smiled at me;
He sang the old songs I used to know,
Until I hated to bid him go.

Love long lingered, until the days
Were just nothing but beautiful ways
Wherein the feet could roam and roam,
Always finding the short way home;
Always laughing his quick replies,
Always smiling from kindly eyes.

Love came into my home one day,
Laughed and said he had come to stay;
He didn't know how I wanted him,
How I had prayed in the twilight dim,
So now I laugh at life's rough way,
Since Love came into my home, to stay.

THE VOICE OF YOU

How many clouds, I wonder Dear, will drift
o'er skies of blue,
Before my listening ears will hear the old, sweet
voice of you?

How many moons will wax and wane, and star-
lights faintly glow,

Before I whisper once again "I've missed you,
missed you so"?

How many breezes will there be from far off
alien lands,

Before you give again to me those dear, dear,
restful hands?

How many nights, how many days will drift to
waiting years,

Before your sweetly magic ways shall make me
glad to tears?

Before your smiling face shall make my re-
stilled pulses start.

Before your clinging lips shall ease the ache
within my heart?

How long, I wonder, Heart O'Mine—each day a
year it seems—

While memories of you gently twine themselves
into my dreams.

How long before the weary night of waiting has
its end,
Till the long trail a-winding will, somewhere,
sometime, bend?
How long before the mystic dreams will all be
coming true,
And I will see the sunset gleams fall on the face
of you?
Fall on the face of you, and shine within your
golden hair,
For in this world there is no face one half so
sweet or fair.

Each long, long day, My Dearie, seems as if it
never ends,
And oh! the road is weary—the road that never
bends,
I watch the white clouds straying out across the
silvery moon,
The while my heart is praying that you'll be
coming soon;
Because my eyes are yearning for your laughing
eyes of blue,
And my ears are ever turning to the old, sweet
voice of you.

—BUT NOT TO KEEP

God gave me you!—and I was happy then,
Happier than I had ever hoped to be;
I walked—a king—among my fellowmen;
And all the world seemed very fair to me—
God gave me you; and like a trusting child
Unto its friend—I looked at you and smiled.

My life had been gray clouds o'er winter skies,
Dark, restless nights, days full of biting pain,
Until I saw life's summer in your eyes,
And hope was new-born in my heart, again.
God gave me you! and oh! 'twas good to live,
You were my life—what more was there to give?

God gave me you—a little bit of heaven,
Dropped down to make life good and glad,
But now my faith stands naked and unshriven,
For cruel Fate has taken all I had—
My heart is dead, my tired eyes will not weep,
God gave me you, Beloved,—but not to keep.

UNAFRAID

When I am done with toiling, with hunger and
regret,
I ask just this, a little place to slumber and forget,
A little place, somewhere apart, beneath the
changeless sky,
Safe from the censure of the world, the gaze of
passers-by.

Beneath some kind tree's restful shade with
branches spread above,
Beneath the sunshine God has made, the sunshine that I love,
For I am tired. The fight has been a weary one
at best,
I fought it with a smile, and now I only ask to
rest.

The pathway was not always smoothe, hope's star
not always bright,
But footsteps cannot wander back, no matter
wrong or right.
So when I'm done with dreaming, of which all
life is made,
I'll stand before my Maker, naked and unafraid.

WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES

Oh! the old days, the bold days, the days we rode
together,

Side by side, a-laughin' down the sunny slope
o' June;

The drear ways were dear ways through the
changing weather,

While shoulder touchin' shoulder kept our
hearts in tune.

But the trail is parting,

Back from where it's starting,

And it is a lonesome trail out beneath the moon.

Oh! the highways, the byways, the long ways we
were taking,

With not a thought of twilight, or darkness
that must fall,

Oh! the glad times, the mad times before the
world was waking,

As, through the blue grey morning we heard
the Coyote call—

But the twilight's creeping,

And I hear you weeping

As I take the upland trail all alone—that's all.

Oh! the new days, the blue days, the days without
your laughter,

Nights by camp-fire dreamin' that your shoul-
der's touchin' mine;

I would lay all, play all my chance in the here-
after

To see your red lips quiver, and taste their
maddening wine—

But the trail's dividing,

And I must be riding

All alone, and lonely out across the timber-line.

PALS

This life's too short to always stay
In the same old place, in the same old way ;
And the world's too wide for wandering feet
To plug along on an asphalt street—
The road gleams white, to the hills that lie
Under the arch of the evening sky.
So come on pal, let's go.

Each new-born day seems fit and fine,
The warm blood flows like rich, red wine,
The office walls are prison bars,
The arc lights gleam like giant stars—
The noise of traffic that surges and sways,
Strangles the echo of childhood days.
Wake up old pal, let's ride.

The lark mounts high from the grasses deep,
The squirrel frisks where the violets sleep,
The sky is blue like the waiting sea,
And the whole wide world calls you and me—
While the bees are robbing, like pirates bold,
And the sunbeams gleam like bars of gold.
We're late old pal, let's hike.

Come on let's go where the land and sky
Whisper to us with a happy sigh ;
Where there's nothing to crush or hold us down,

Say, a million miles from the smoky town—
Where the whole world smiles at the break o' day,
And it seems like Heaven has come to stay;
I'm waiting old pal, let's sneak.

DRIFTING

Drifting along, as the waters flow
On and out to the waiting sea;
Into lands we may never know,
Sun-kissed islands for you, and me—
Down the river we drift, tonight,
In the path of the soft moonlight.

The band is playing a sweet, waltz tune,
We hear the rythm of dancing feet;
Fragrant breezes like budding June
Come with the perfume of roses sweet.
Roses blossom when faith is new,
But faith oft dies, as the roses do.

Out in the west the evening star
Gleams like a beacon to light the way
Into the lands that stretch so far,
Over beyond the end of day—
I wonder if we shall ever know
All of the longings that haunt us, so?

CLOSED GATES

Always! onward the river of Time
Flows through the valley of Yesterday,
While drifting snows of a winter clime
Cover the flowers of dying May—
Always! and onward the river flows,
Always a sorrow which no one knows.

Always! the stars thro' the azure night
Gleam from above, when the sun has set,
And in the cool of the morning light,
Shine thro' the mist, like eyes, tear-wet—
Always! and ever the pale stars shine,
Always a joy that is never mine.

Always! and onward the pathway leads
Unto the gates that are ever fast,
While in the thirst of our human needs
We dream they open to us at last—
Always! and onward the pathway lies,
Unto the gateway of Paradise.

WHEN THE WORLD IS CALLING

It's good to live, and it's good to feel
The warmth of the summer sun,
And then it is best of all to steal
Away, when the day is done,
To the open road that wanders far,
'Till never a road there be,
Out and on, where the meadows are
Like the green of a summer sea.

It's good to go, till your tired feet ache,
And the brain is weary too,
On and on, o'er brook and brake,
With the whole world calling you.
It's good to drink from the chaliced rim
Of nature's flowing glass,
With a toast of praise and love to Him
Who bringeth it all to pass.

It's good to open the lungs and drink
The wine of the balmy breeze,
It's good to watch the white clouds drift
Like ships on turquoise seas;
It's good to watch the stars shine bright,
As the shadows of twilight fall,
With never a fear, and never a tear,
And never a sigh for all.

SECLUDED WAYS

In years to come, when memory, fruant, strays
 Along the pathway of the buried past,
Slow treading feet, over secluded ways,
 Wherein our friendship was too sweet to last,
I wonder if your listening ears will hear
Again, the love words that I whispered, Dear?

Will you remember days when you and I
 Wandered alone, far from the city's strife,
Roaming, like children, 'neath the summer sky,
 Till hearts were bursting with the joy of life:
And there, together, in the twilight gray,
Your dear eyes told me what you would not say?

The days slip by, like swallows on the wing,
 And each, our ship of hope, puts out to sea,
Each wondering what the unborn years will
 bring,
 Each wondering where the other one will be.
Each heart a-hunger for the other heart,
Yet knowing that our pathways lie apart.

The recreant years may hold no potion rare,
 To heal the wounds such partings always make,
But won't your lips, sometimes, repeat a prayer,
 Calling my name, again, for old time's sake?
And won't you long, just once again, to know
The lingering touch of one who loves you so?

THE VALLEY OF YESTERDAY

Where have you gone, comrade of mine,
Over the hills and away from me;
Over the path where the roses twine,
Into the land that used to be—
Where have you gone with your laugh so gay,
Into the valley of Yesterday?

Ah! sometimes how I long to go
Back o'er the path, that stretches far
Into the land where the roses blow,
Back where my toys and playmates are—
Back where life was a game to play,
There in the valley of Yesterday.

The years slip by, and the heart grows sad,
Feet are weary and eyes are dim,
Soon the songs that have made us glad,
Will drift into a dying hymn.
Never again can we find the way
Back to the valley of Yesterday.

Ah! little comrade of mine, be bright,
Laugh while the roses are budding new,
After the sunset cometh the night,
After the love we must take the rue—
Never again, tho' we plead and pray,
Do we find the valley of Yesterday.

LIFE'S SPRINGTIME

Sometimes, it seems, the rose most misses,
Not the kiss of the sun, but the cool night dew;
And my lips most miss the wayward kisses,
That in life's springtime they took from you.

The soft wind blows through silken tresses
Of the weeping willow, outside my door;
And I long again, for the dear caresses
Of beautiful hands, that I feel no more.

It is not the love which was never given,
It is not the kisses we've never known;
It's the love we had, with a glimpse of heaven,
And lips that were hungry against our own.

It is not the dark which seems so dreary,
When the day slips into the arms of night;
Only, because, when worn and weary
We yearn for the joy of the bright sunlight.

So, oft, when the wind to the rose is singing,
A wonderful song which you do not hear,
To my tired heart, old thoughts are bringing
All of life's longing for you, my Dear.

TO-DAY

All through the day loud voices break the spell
Of gripping silence, and a thousand feet
Walk by my side along the crowded street;
Yet to my ears no message do they tell
Of you, out there, where dimmed eyes cannot see
And ghostly silence still is mocking me.

There is no ease for this benumbing pain,
God must not know the hurt a heart can hold—
Forgetfulness can bring no balm. No gold,
No earthly fortune I can count as gain:
There is no smile upon these lips that pray
For your dear kisses at the close of day.

NANNETTE

I sit, all alone in the silence and gloom,
While shadows creep up, o'er the walls of my
 room,
The old buried memories rise up so fast,
And your dear face appears, like a ghost from
 the past.
With your soft, waving curls, as black as the
 night,
And your wicked brown eyes, full of laughter and
 light.
Your ripe lips as red as the rose-leaves that hold
The kiss of the dew-drops, in each velvet fold.

I have tramped through the city and out in the
 night,
To the top of the hill, with the road gleaming
 white
Toward the gray, crouching shadows that lurk in
 the west,
With a shift of my load, never stopping to rest;
But back o'er my pathway, still warm from my
 feet,
I hear your voice calling. The night winds repeat
The words you are saying. I feel, through my
 hair
The touch of your fingers still lingering there.

I feel once again, your cheek against mine,
And the touch of your lips, like a measure of
wine,

I live, once again, in the light of your eyes,
As I did long ago, neath bright summer skies.
I feel once again, all the wild, youthful bliss,
In the clasp of your arms, the wine of your kiss,—
But the sunset is fading, the night falling fast,
And your face fades again, like a ghost, in the
past.

THE GARDEN WALL

When breezes come so warm and sweet,
Like the breath of a maiden fair,
And the rose-leaves drift against the face,
Like the strands of silken hair:
Then I sigh, again, for the days I knew,
When life was young and skies were blue.

When lights gleam white, through the starless
 night,
Like the lure of the fire-flies' glow;
And I hear the moan, like a restless soul,
Of the traffic to and fro.
Then I long to walk in the wild wood deep,
And the cool bypaths where the violets sleep.

For the heart gets sick of the endless toil,
And the glare of the blinding heat;
While feet grow tired of their fruitless search,
O'er miles of winding street.
And the path gleams white to the garden wall,
Where the blue smoke curls, and rose leaves fall.

GYPSY LOVE SONG

The gray clouds hang low, and the South wind is
sighing,

The twilight creeps up from the arms of the
West;

The black bat flaps by, and the night-bird is cry-
ing,

Perhaps a false love left a pain in its breast:
But what do I care for the bird, or the night,
When I wait for your coming, my Life and my
Light?

I'm waiting for you where the wild rose is
sleeping,

And the Will-o-the-wisp dances out o'er the
glen;

I'm watching for you where the blood-vine is
creeping,

And the dank grasses know not the footprints
of men.

I am waiting for you by the dark river's brink,
And each rustling leaf is your footstep, I think.

Come Love! do not linger; my strong arms are
yearning,

Yes, longing to hold you once more to my
heart;

Leave the circle of light where the camp-fires are
burning,

Come swiftly, come softly where black waters
part;

Leave the white tents behind, leave the night-
watch asleep,

For tomorrow you move, and tomorrow I weep.

Oh! star of my life, come while I am waiting,

Come feel my caresses, your lips close to mine;
Come whisper of love for the wood-doves are
mating,

Come let me drink deep of your soul's madden-
ing wine.

The dawn soon will come, in the East, oh Sweet-
heart,

Come, now! while I wait where the black waters
part.

THE ENDING OF THE TRAIL

(In memory of Joaquin Miller)

High up the misty mountain side the winding
trail grows dim,
And there in silence deep and grand the Lone
Guide waits for him;
From old Sierra's snow-capped crest the path
drops to the west,
Somewhere down there the rough trail ends—the
camp-fires gleam and rest;
Rest for his weary soul, and dreams far sweeter
than he knew
When giant fir trees sheltered him, and cutting
northwinds blew.
O'er desert wastes of shimmering snow and
miles of barren plain,
Where tireless jackals called their own, behind
the wagon train.

He was a bard of sweetest tongue, his heart was
tried and true;
His songs the dearest ever sung beneath God's
arching blue,
He loved the desert and the stream, the moun-
tains and the sea,
He loved the west land best of all because the
west was free;

And now he takes the unknown trail toward the
 paling west,
The phantom trail we all must take—the way to
 peace and rest;
Beyond the far-off timber-line, beyond all human
 ken,
He followed in the Lone Guide's steps, from out
 the haunts of men.

MA!

Ma is the one who always flings
The doors of love so wide,
Ma is the one who always brings
The joy of life inside.
She is the one who binds with care
The wounds of heart, and hand;
And God, Who can't be everywhere,
Gave her to understand.

Ma is the one whose hands, it seems,
Are busy all the day;
Weaving the threads of golden dreams,
That never pass away.
She has no thought, but just to bless
The loved ones God has lent,
So, through life's pleasure and distress,
She serves, and is content.

Ma is the one whose gentle tone
Smoothes o'er each ruffled thought,
Ma is the one whose eyes, alone,
The light of heaven have caught;
She sings about her daily tasks,
In accents low and sweet;
And love is all she ever asks
To make her life complete.

THE GRAY DAWN TRAIL

When the purple dawn is slipping over to the
rim o' day,
And the morning star is fading just beyond the
milky way,
When the drowsy world is waking, and the woods,
so black and deep
Seem to sorter dream and murmur as if talking
in their sleep,

It is then life's worth the livin' with the blood
like flowing wine,
And the crack o' day a-spreadin' all along the
timber line;
It is then you want to travel, true and far, like
homing bees,
Travel with no voice to grab you but the whisper
of the breeze.

So! it's up and rub your eyelids, as you hunt a
vagrant shoe
By the faint gleam through your window, where
a star looks in on you,
And it's slip into your buckskins and your suit
of corduroy,
For the sun will soon be shinin', and you've got
to hike, my Boy.

Grab your gun and work the lever, as she clicks
and snaps and glides,
And then do a little oilin' where each black shell
slips and slides,
Then you jerk a slice o' bacon, hold it in the blaze
a bit,
With some stale bread and your coffee, 'fore you
grab your gun, and git.

Then you hit the long and lonesome! bearing, may
be, north by west,
With the white frost on the sumac, and a glad
heart in your chest,
While the dew is dropping, dripping, from the
cypress and the cane,
Down upon the dead leaf carpet like the patter
of the rain.

Gaunt and gray the big trees face you, like the
ghosts from out your past,
Towering still and straight above you, each a
quivering half-stripped mast,
While the white line leads you onward, over
marshes dank and deep
Where the cypress beds of velvet hide the wild
things as they sleep.

Onward, o'er the grass-fringed ridges, up the
wide draw's yielding bed,

Till the birds begin to twitter, and the far-off east
grows red;
Somewhere, in the fading shadows, stealthily a
soft foot falls,
And beyond the reach of eyesight, faint and far,
a turkey calls.

Oh! it's good to feel the ozone as it flows into your
chest,
And it's good to watch the daylight chase the
shadows to the west,
With the red blood madly flowing to each wild
heart-beat of joy,
As the gray dawn hits the sky-line and you take
the trail, my Boy.

BILL AN ME

Bill an me was mighty friends, till Bill got mad
one day,
About the price I ast him fer a measly load uv
hay;
Old Bill, you know, he lives upon a farm rite close
to mine,
An we didn't have no fence at all on our dividin'
line,
Till Bill got swelled up 'bout the hay and told me
to step hence,
An then he worked a whole damned week a build-
in' uv a fence.

Now, me an Bill had plugged along, a-livin' side
by side
Fer years, an every body knowed thet we was
satisfied;
We shared each others sorrows, an divided up our
joys,
An we was jest as happy as a pair of reckless
boys:
Till Bill got off his nut about thet item uv ex-
pense,
An shocked my nerves so awful by startin' on that
fence.

You know the world is mighty queer about a lot
uv things,
An many joys it slips to you are tied with little
strings,
But all along I tried to think, though I wus wrong,
you see,—
That, somehow, it wus different with dear old Bill
an me.
But we have to live a lifetime, I guess, to learn
some sense,
An then a lot uv times it ends with the buildin'
uv a fence.

Well, somehow I got lonesome, an kinder sore at
heart,
Though we was livin' jest the same short, measly
ways apart;
I'd plow all day an look across where Bill wus
plowin' too,
But Bill he didn't yell at me, the way he used to
do;
'Er maybe stop an ask me when my harvest would
commence,
Until I got damnation sore a lookin' at thet fence.

But one night Bill come over an said to me, "Say
Jim
I am afeerd there's somethin very wrong with
little Tim,"

I went with Bill, across the fields, an through the
red twilight,
We watched an prayed, but little Tim, he slipped
away that night.
We buried him beneath the trees, upon the slop-
in' hill,
Beside where I had buried my own boy, Little
Bill.

I'd named my boy fer Bill, you see, because I loved
Bill so,
An many a day he'd foller Bill along the new-
plowed row ;
Then Bill would take him up in front, when the
day's work was done,
An they'd ride home together, at the settin' uv the
sun.
But now I know thet kindness always brings its
recompense,
Because early the next mornin' Bill wus tearin'
down that fence.

RECLAMATION

I stood alone upon the outer rim of life
Black with the shadows of long-lived despair,
My aching heart had almost ceased to hope,
Crushed and alone, you found me standing there
Waiting, it seemed, for the last star to fall,
And feel death's darkness settle over all.

There was no pain, it seemed, I had not known,
There was no wound that had not touched my
heart,

Life's bitter harvest was a million tears,
Watering those empty, arid years—apart;
While, starved and crushed,—I prayed, and
cursed, and wept,
Until your spirit close beside mine crept.

You came to me, and gave my weary soul
The benediction of your wondrous love;
Until I turned my aching eyes again
Toward the sunlight of the skies above—
You came, and touched your precious lips to
mine,
And sealed the union of a love divine.

Your gentle hands lay cool upon my brow,
Easing the hurt that seemed to numb my brain,
Your faithful eyes looked love into my own,

Until I smiled, forgetting all my pain;
And oh! it seemed, your arms were made to hold
Me close, beneath your head of shaded gold.

I count all pain, just something sweet to feel,
I count no loss, no hell of dark despair,
Now that I know you are my very own,
And I can feel your fingers in my hair—
Nothing can matter with your hand in mine,
As 'round our feet the fire-gleams softly shine.

.

SAVARAN

Rose tinted lamps, soft curtains dropping low
Across the tall, arched windows bright with
light

Of winter sunshine, on the drifted snow,
Like phantom fire-gleams on a dreary night.

A little table spread for only two,
In a quiet corner, free from passing gaze.
A cup for me, another cup for you,
Drinking the gladness of the fleeting days.

Soft rhythmic music, faintly clear and sweet,
The touch of fingers stealing over mine;
A wayside inn, whereat our pathways meet;
A smile, *ma chère*! from my glass 'cross to
thine.

L'Envoi—

Ah! Savaran, what secrets will you hold
When summer green has turned to autumn
gold?

CALLING FOR YOU

Out of the cloud-isles ever a-drifting,
 Always across the skies ever blue;
Out of my heart where life's clouds are rifting,
 Always I'm list'ning, and calling for you.

Out of the dreams of each glad tomorrow,
 Out of the memories sacred and few,
With a voice burdened by singing or sorrow,
 Always I'm hunting and calling for you.

Out of the great throng ebbing and flowing,
 Out of the false friends, out of the true,
On through the darkness, not caring or knowing,
 Always I'm watching and praying for you.

Out of the days, when Joy fills with laughter
 Some little moment when Fate gave me you;
Through the black nights that always come after,
 Oh! I am wanting and needing you too.

THE BATTLE

Sometimes, when things go wrong, you know,
And it's folly to even try;
It's hard, so hard to smile and fight,
But easy, my boy, to die.

When the road grows black and no light shines in,
And the long trail rough to go,
It's hard to grin, and lift your chin,
But it's easy to die, you know.

When Fate deals out with a mocking laugh
The poor lone hand we must play,
It's easy to pray for a dreamless end,
But God! it is hard to stay.

Stern duty leads up a crooked hill,
There's blood in the tears we cry;
It's hard to live on when hope is gone
But easy, my boy, to die.

There's a calm that follows each raging storm,
As the night must follow the day;
It's easy to curse the gift of the gods,
But awfully hard to pray.

It's easy to drift with the current, down,
But a battle to swim up-stream,
It's easy to win when your ships come in,
But hard when you miss your dream.

WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE

When dreams come true, that we've dreamed so
long,
When our hearts are filled with a glad, new song;
When the old, dead ache is gone, at last,
With the long, tired miles our feet have passed—
Oh! the joy for me, and the joy for you,
When dreams come true.

When dreams come true that we've dreamed,
apart,
All to ourselves, with a starving heart,
When God untangles the skein we hold,
And we find, at last, life's rainbow gold—
You take the gold; all I want is you,
When dreams come true.

When dreams come true, some day, my Dear,
When the heart is free of all doubt and fear,
When the winding trail just, somehow, ends
Where the sky with sunset's crimson blends—
Oh! your lips for me, and my arms for you,
When dreams come true.

BECAUSE

I cannot tell what winds may touch
Your cheeks with lingering kisses,
I cannot tell you, Dear, how much
My life your presence misses;
I may not know if summer skies
Are ever fair above you,
I cannot frame to words my sighs,
I only know I love you.

The days are ever endless days,
The nights are ever lonely,
As all along life's winding ways,
I want and need you only.
May angels guard you, Dear, alway,
And God keep watch above you,
This is the prayer my warm lips say,
Because, because I love you.

WHEN YOU HAVE GONE AWAY

When you go away, and leave me with the mem-
 ory of your face
Haunting me and taunting me from every secret
 place,
When you have taken with you the sunshine of
 your smile,
And left me sad and lonely along each winding
 mile,
I will miss you, I will want you, far more than
 words can say,
And my arms will be so empty when you have
 gone away.

When you go away and leave me, I shall count
 the moments, Dear,
Until you are returning, and your sweet voice I
 can hear.
There will be no days of gladness, there will be
 no nights of rest,
Until I hold your dear, dear face against my long-
 ing breast;
No other smile will matter, no other voice will
 cheer,
Because the world holds nothing for me but you,
 my Dear.

LIFE'S TREASURES

There is never any laughter but the laughter in
your eyes,
There is never any weeping but the echo of
your sighs;
There is never any sunshine but the sunshine of
your smile,
That falls across my pathway and makes the days
worth while.

There are never hours of toiling but I feel your
presence near,
There are never nights of moonlight but I see
your face, my Dear,
There is never any comfort for the burden of the
days,
But your gentle, twining fingers and their dear,
caressing ways.

There is never star-light streaming over heaven's
silvery stair
But I see again its gleaming in the glory of your
hair.
There is never any twilight falling on night's
golden strand
But I walk and talk beside you, holding once
again your hand.

WHATS THE USE OF SIGHING

What's the use of sighing when the world looks
blue,
What's the use of crying if the moon don't drop
for you;
What's the use complaining,
Even if it's raining?
Somewhere there are roses smiling through the
dew.

What's the use of finding fault with every thing?
Harsh words are remembered by the pain they
bring,
Clouds may still be drifting,
But they'll soon be shifting,
And the swaying robbin will begin to sing.

What's the use of growing old and worn and
gray?
Life is but the passing of a fleeting day,
Love and Youth together,
Through the stormy weather,
Never slip the tether in life's golden May.

I MISS YOU

I miss you Dear, when twilight shadows falling
Lay soothing fingers on my aching eyes;
I seem to hear your dear lips softly calling,
While through the dark the sighing wind
replies.

I miss you Dear—my restless aching fingers
Reach out in vain, to find you by my side;
But just the memory of your presence lingers,
While Want and Hunger on my hearth abide.

I miss you Dear—and each unborn tomorrow
Will find me waiting, lonely just for you;
Each lilting song touched with a note of sorrow
Each cup of gladness tasting of the rue.

"OUR YESTERDAYS"

Had you ever thought as you leave me, Dear,
While the leaves drift down so brown and sere,
That the days may lengthen to months and years
Each bearing its burden of hopes and fears—
While we shall each, in the fire's soft glow,
Yearn for the days that we used to know?

That summer will come, and skies get blue,
As the last year's leaves let the violets through,
That the moon will shine o'er the old pathways,
As it did, Sweetheart, in our yesterdays:
With the open roads that ever lie
Toward the long-closed gate that we never try.

Do you know my dear, in the years to come,
When a prayer creeps up to white lips, dumb
With the pain that eats out the aching heart,
While eyes grow dim, and hot tears start,
That, alone and apart from the world of men,
You will feel the clasp of my hand again?

And the gates of your soul will open wide,
With welcome for me, where others have tried
In vain to enter, and you will long
For a reckless kiss and a half-sung song,
And there in the silence, the dusk and dew,
Your heart will want me again with you.

BE SATISFIED

Why should we crave Tomorrow's gifts
For they belong to God?
Why fret about the rocky way
Our feet have lately trod?
The sun that smiles on us, today,
Tomorrow may not shine,
Our aching eyes may close in death
At the short day's decline.

Why should we weep, O, hungry hearts,
Why should our lips complain?
Why e'er rebel against our lot
When it is all in vain?
Why censure God, and nature too?
Let patience rule the days;
God knoweth best, though He may lead
Our feet o'er thorny ways.

Today is but the passing flash
Of light across the sky,
It takes a hundred years to live,
And just one hour to die.
A thousand years are all too short
To live for God, and right,
And yet one breath upon the glass,
Brings centuries of night.

Just for today, then, make your vows,
Good things to do and say;
Tomorrow may not find you here,
Ye who are here today;
Just for today, then dare the right,
Tomorrow lies too far
To count its blessings or its joys,
Or watch its rising star.

IF YOU ONLY SMILE

If there is ever a time you need me,
If there's ever a day that's long;
If there's ever a sigh, or a clouded sky
Or a rift in your lilting song,
I will listen to hear you calling,
I will reach out my arms to you,
For wherever I turn my heart will yearn
Always, my Dear, for you.

If there's ever a burden too heavy
For your shoulders to bear, my Dear,
If ever you pray at the ending day,
Surely my ears will hear,
And alas! though Fate divide us
By many a weary mile,
Thro' long, long days, o'er winding ways
I will come, if you only smile.

THE STAR OF HOPE

Just as I've waited through the long, long years,
For happiness to come adown life's primrose
way;
With arms outstretched, and eyes half-blind with
tears,
Just so, I watch, and wait for you today.

Sometimes the road is set with many snares,
And while the night comes down, so lone and
drear;
Burdened with hunger, and the daily cares,
My heart-strings quiver with a nameless fear.

Yet this I know, somewhere my hope-star gleams,
Somewhere, the sunshine bursts through clouds
of gray,
Sometime, together, we will count our dreams,
Altho' I wait, in vain, for you today.

WORLD-WISE

It may be the light in your wonderful eyes,
It may be the joy of your smile,
Or the music which lies in your voice, world-wise,
That is making my life worth while.
Or maybe the sound of your laughter brings
Music, again, from my heart's worn strings.

Maybe I've waited for years and years,
The joy of your hand's caress;
Till the burden of sorrow and burning tears
Is exchanged for the happiness
That comes when I dream that you are near,
And I reach out, so often, to find you, Dear.

Maybe, sometime you will go, again
Out over life's rough way;
Taking the hope of the years to come,
Leaving just shadows grey—
Taking the light of those eyes, world-wise,
Closing the gateway of paradise.

LOYALTY

Love is not love, if it stands not the test
Of treason bitter or of doubt and fears
Which fight for mastery in the human breast,
And leave the eyes dry of their scalding tears—
Just when it seems the fight is almost lost,
When bruised and sore, it's then we need love
most.

Love is not love, when in the sunny days
Of golden summer it walks side by side
With us, along life's fragrant, primrose ways,
When winds are crooning and we're satisfied.
It's when we sit alone with empty hands
That love is love, because it understands.

Love is not love, if when cold unbelief
Creeps in and tries Faith's ever-bolted door,
It stops to question if 'twere fancied grief
When lips are numb and when the heart is
sore:—
'Tis when with shame, and scorn and falsehood
cursed,
That true love dares the world to do its worst.

LIFE'S BROKEN TOYS

Outside; the falling twilight dark and grey
Peers in upon me, as I sit, alone,
Counting the memories of the dying day,
All that is left, which I may call my own.

Outside; the traffic surges to and fro,
It moans aloud in maddening restlessness;
Its song and laughter, mixed with bitter woe,
And yet what matters one more sigh, or less?

What matters one more stifling pain,
Or one more ache to numb the cringing heart,
What of the loss, or what of all the gain
Before we smile and suffer and depart?

Sometimes the heart longs for the soothing balm
Of gentle words so like a sweet caress,
Out of life's storms it brings a summer calm
The toil-worn soul to comfort and to bless.

Sometimes we wait and look and long in vain,
Beside the ashes of our life's dead hope,
As, with our eyes half-blind with gripping pain,
With laggard steps and empty hands we grope.

Wait! all alone, beside a hearthstone cold,
Praying for naught, except forgetfulness;
While in our arms life's shattered toys we hold,
Dry-eyed and hungry with the loneliness.

WHERE FOOTPRINTS NEVER TURN BACK

Swing your pack on your shoulder, boy, and come
 along with me,
To the end o' day where the shadows play and
 the whole wide world is free,
Let's go out where the skies are blue and the frost
 tang in the air;
Where hate is new, where hearts are true, and life
 is free from care.

Let's tramp on with a laugh and song, or the joy
 of a spoken jest,
As the red blood strains through the tingling
 veins; with hope in the heaving breast.
Let's swing into the big woods trail, with a shift
 of the heavy pack,
Where strong hearts laugh, as weak hearts fail,
 and footsteps never turn back.

It's luck to all who are good and kind, from the
 saint to the solemn priest;
It's Heaven before, and Hell behind—and the
 smell of a camp-fire feast;
So it's out, and on where nerve and brawn, count
 more than a sodden brain,
Where the true heart hates the Devil's spawn that
 gloats o'er its filthy gain.

So swing your pack to your bending back, and
 come along with me,
Where hearts are true and skies are blue as ever
 skies could be,
Where the chest expands with the love of God and
 souls are true and tried;
Where night brings sleep on the dew-kissed sod,
 and a man dies satisfied.

THE RAINBOW'S END

The rainbow's end dips low adown to the mystical
land of dreams,
Through the rose twilight and the death-black
night where a wandering lone star gleams,
The rainbow's end leads on, and on, with never
a stop to rest,
O'er dreary days, and thorny ways—with life at
its very best;
Days of toil in the blinding heat,
Nights of rest when rest is sweet.

The rainbow ends where the blue sky bends above
all its treasured gold,
And we follow in vain, thro' the sun and rain till
our hearts are strangely old;
It is ever ahead where the sky bends low—only a
little way,
Ever ahead where the angels spread the clouds
at the close of day—
Ever ahead where sunset's gleams
Turn to gold in the Land of Dreams.

The rainbow's end is the end of all that we dream
of day by day,
It holds the gold of life and love—the treasure
for which we pray;

It holds the joys of our childish hopes, the harvest
of riper years,

It holds the half-filled cup of Fate, so salt with
the brine of tears.

It covers the gold that we never find,

But, Oh! the rainbow is ever kind.

WORLD'S END

Come on, my boy, let's go! let's go!
Where the daisies nod and the breezes blow,
Where the white clouds rest on the silent hills,
And nature's voice the tired heart thrills;
Where the granite peaks their tall spires lift,
To the azure sky, and the white clouds' rift,
Where the forest sleeps, and the big trees rise
To the very gates of Paradise.

Come on! come on! let's get away
From the toil and heat of the weary day,
Let's wander on, where the wild rose bends
To the falling dew, and the white road ends
In a pathless ocean of rolling green,
With nothing but sunshine spread between
Our eyes and Heaven, and rest awhile
With the whole wide world in a happy smile.

Come wash your face in the morning dew
Let's fill our hearts with thoughts so true,
Let's leave behind, life's heavy load,
And sing, as we swing in the open road.
We will soon forget that hearts may break,
That hands grow weary and tired eyes ache.
Come on! let's hurry and slip away,
For it won't be long till the end o' day.

JUST YOU

Just you!

After the burdens of the long, long day
Have slipped from shoulders that are often sore,
Smiling at me in your dear, gentle way,
Waiting, at twilight, by the open door—
Ah, this is joy.

Just you!

After the sunlight's olden, golden gleam
Changes to crimson in the far-flung west,
Beside me, Dear, the while I sit and dream,
Just you, beside me while I sleep, and rest.
Ah, this is peace.

Just you!

When all the world in velvet darkness hides,
And distant star-lights faintly gleam and glow,
To make a home where my glad heart abides.
The only home my heart can ever know.
Ah, this is life.

TENNESSEE

Dear Old Sunny Tennessee,
Say! it's good enough for me,
With its everlasting hills,
And its lazy water mills,
There's the dear old orchard swing,
Where the red-nosed Juners cling,
And you get so close to God
In the fields of golden-rod,
Get a peep at Heaven, too,
Through the sky that's always blue.

Down in Dear Old Tennessee,
Say! it always seems to me
That God dropped down from the skies
Just a chunk o' paradise;
Dropped it down and let it rest
Just the way we love it best.
Didn't have to change it, none,
And I sometimes think the sun
Wouldn't shine a bit, you see,
If it wasn't for Tennessee.

Here the summers are the best,
And the brown thrush on her nest
Sings the sweetest; and the breeze
Whispers softest in the trees;
Here the sunset's golden gleam

Is just like a poet's dream,
Pink and crimson, gold and blue.
Angels paint it all for you :
God is surely good to me,
'Cause He gave me Tennessee.

OVER THE TEA-CUPS

There's many a dream that comes and goes,
Mixed up with our secret wishes;
Whether we're walking in rose-strewn paths,
Or whether we're washing dishes:
And often, you know, our dreams come true,
The ones we have long been dreaming,
Over the plates all rimmed with blue,
And the tea-cups white and gleaming.

Life's long path is a winding road,
All lined with thorns and roses;
But there's many tales of love that pass
O'er the tea-cups, 'neath our noses.
So, why should we fret at the daily task
O'er cups and plates, clean, gleaming?
For, often, we get more than we ask,
In the long, long days of dreaming.

FAITH

Faith is a candle that doth brightly glow
Along the path our erring feet must go,
It lights the way when hope's faint star has set,
When all is dark, and erstwhile friends forget.
We reach our hands, and turn our straining eyes
From noonday glare unto the evening skies.

Faith is a lighthouse on the rock-ribbed shore,
Where bleak winds moan and angry breakers
 roar;
And, as our ships come in from alien lands,
God of the deep, He sees and understands.
And though our ships may never all return,
Faith, like a beacon, will forever burn.

THE NOWHERE LAND

So often we say, as the days slip by, "tomorrow I
will you know"

When some task lies, before our eyes, in the path
our feet must go,

But Tomorrow is only the sign that points to the
hills so far away,

Over the winding road that leads from the Valley
of Yesterday:

It leads from the Valley of Yesterday, to the No-
Where Land which lies

Beyond the rim of the purple dawn, and the gray
of the twilight skies.

We could dry the tear on the withered cheek of
somebody's mother, today,

We could ease the pain of a hungry heart—"To-
morrow I will", we say.

We could give a smile and a warm hand-clasp to
some one who needs it so,

For there's never a chance to do it, when the
Master calls us to go.

There's never a chance to wander back, o'er the
far-dim road that lies

Out, and into the No-Where Land, 'neath the arch
of the evening skies.

For the Land of Yesterday is filled with the
ghosts of vain regret,
And though our eyes are blind with tears, their
faces we can't forget;
Tomorrow leads like a will-o-the-wisp o'er ways
so strange and new,
Till we oft forget in our selfish joy, the kindness
we ought to do;
So we dance along in our childish glee, o'er the
No-Where road, you know,
With never a thought of the chances lost, until
we are called to go.

There's many a time our hands could help some
struggling one to rise,
There's many a time we could kiss away the tears
from burning eyes;
There's many a one who has strayed afar from
the road so hard and straight,
We could smile, and help them upon their feet,
the help that comes too late,
But we wander along, o'er the No-Where Road,
like children at wanton play,
Till The Father calls us, one by one, at the end of
life's short day.

LIFE'S SIMPLE THINGS

It's just the simple songbirds that sing the sweet-
est lays,

It's just the simple flowers that frame life's dear-
est ways;

It's just the simple hearth-stone that holds the
brightest fires,

It's just the simple words of love that bring the
heart's desires.

It's just the faint reflection of lights that glance
and gleam

Through little cottage windows, that sets the soul
a-dream;

It's just the laughter dancing in the eyes so dear
and blue,

That fills the days with gladness and helps us to
be true.

It's just the white smoke curling above the whis-
pering trees,

That makes us think of Heaven, at night upon
our knees.

It's just the childish laughter—the noise of baby
feet,

That plays upon the heart-strings, and makes our
toiling sweet.

It's just a little hand-clasp, the faith that all is
right,
That makes the whole world better—the weary
burden light;
It's just the simple trusting of hearts that love us
best,
That makes the home nest happy when the sun-
set tints the west.

ROBERT O'BRIEN

Oh! Robert O'Brien you're a dear little tot,
With your dimples and laughing blue eyes;
I'm sure that the angels of Heaven forgot
To fasten the gates to the skies,
And so you slipped through, as you wandered at
play,
And came down to earth on the great Milky Way.

The wisdom of ages, it seems, I can see
In the face which you lift up to mine;
And your innocent voice as you laugh in your glee,
Is the echo of music divine.
I wonder if God doesn't miss you, each day,
Since you stole through the gate, down the white,
Milky Way?

Oh! Robert O'Brien, the pathway of life
Lies winding and long o'er the hill,
It's rocky sometimes, and shadowed with strife,
And the winds often blow strong and chill;
The sunset is far, and the road often bends,
E'er you reach the place where Hope's rainbow
ends.

The way may be long to the country that lies
Far out, past the gates of the west,

By the gold of the sunshine, the blue of the skies
May the path of your footsteps be blest:
For oft, little boy, I wish you were mine,
With your arms, and your kisses—Robert
O'Brien.

PARTED WAYS

With you out there in the world somewhere,
Out there where I cannot see
Through the blinding tears, and the mist of years
That come twixt you, and me;
And me alone in my place, somewhere—
Away, where you cannot hear
The prayers I say, that the Dear Lord may
Send the roses for you, my Dear.

With you out there on the path, which Fate
Has marked for your wandering feet,
And me in the place which Fate has willed,
Our pathways may never meet;
But you with the love the world can give,
And me with my cup of rue,
Can each hold the thought that God up there
Keeps watch twixt me and you.

With you out there; when evening comes,
And the firelight's dancing glow,
Falls on your cheek; like the soft caress
Of a hand that you used to know,
Will life lose some of its dearness,
And lighten the load you bear,
If you know there is one who prays for you,
Out in the world—somewhere?

JUST FOR FUN

Just a touch of your lips with their maddening
wine,
Just a glimpse of your eyes looking deep into
mine;
Just a smile, and a kiss just for fun—that is
all—
For each life must taste of the wormwood and
gall.

Just a laugh and a jest on your half-open lips,
And a saucy handshake from your gloved finger
tips,
Just a pain in the heart, when the grey shadows
fall,
And a grave in the past—Just for fun: that is
all.

WHY DON'T YOU COME?

Why don't you come? The sunset clouds are grey,
The twilight star gleams bright in western
skies;

The shadows creep, like children home from play,
The while I watch with eager, aching eyes—
Watch for you, Dear, why don't you ever come?
I wait, alone, here in our little home.

Why don't you come? The lamp burns soft and
low,
I've pulled the curtains 'round the window-
seat;

All day I've waited, and I want you so!

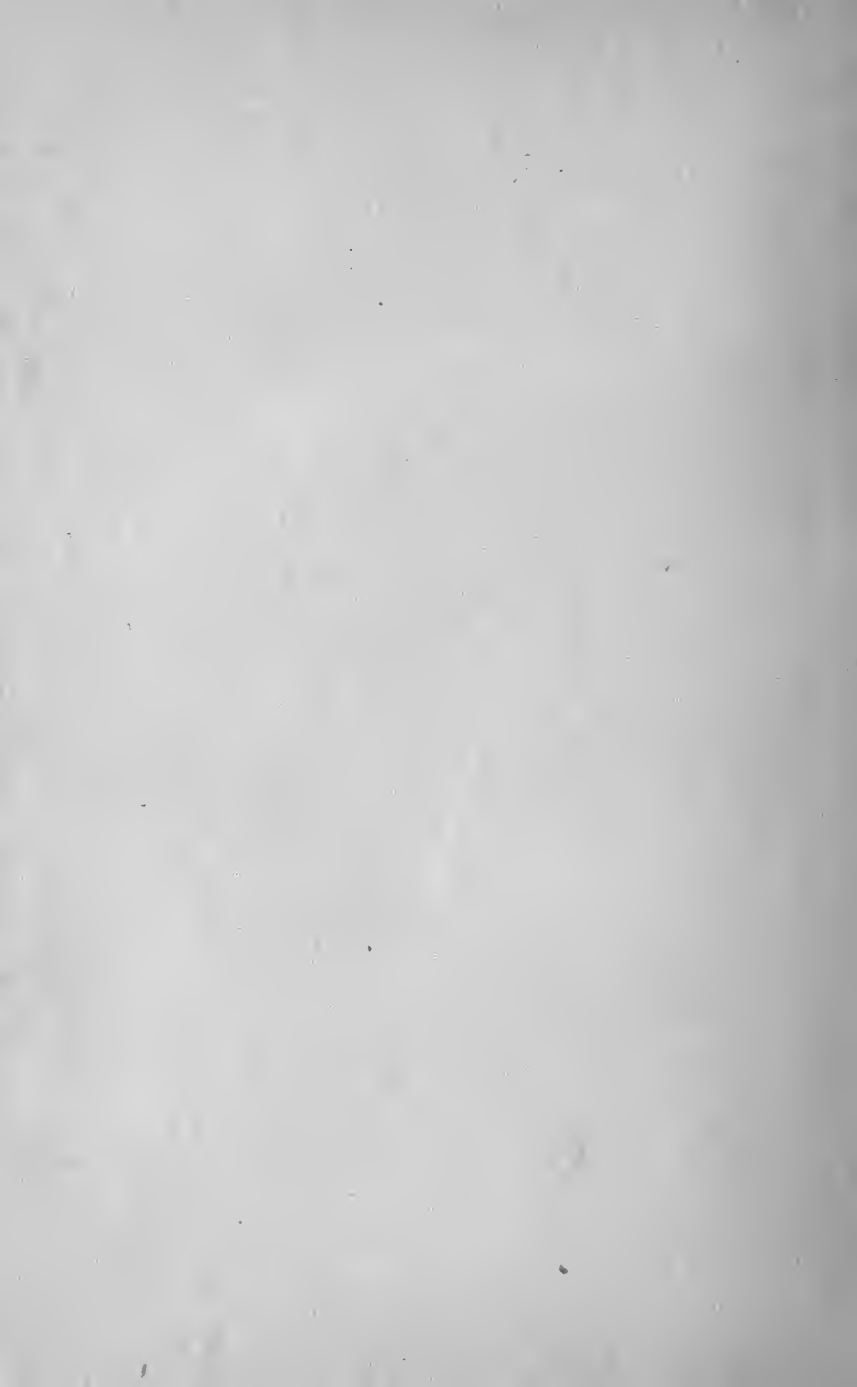
I long to hear the sound of your dear feet—
Your chair is empty in the fire's dim light,
Why don't you come? I need you, so, tonight.

SOMEWHERE! SOMEHOW! SOMETIME!

Somewhere! sometime! somehow!
Our paths will meet again,
I do not know, Fate does not show,
Perchance through toil and pain,
Maybe dark pathways wait our feet,
And yet I make this vow.
I will be yours until we meet
Somewhere, sometime, somehow.

Somehow! somewhere! sometime!
The weary stretch of years
Can make no less the heart's distress,
Or dry its flood of tears.
I 'oft shall feel your perfumed breath
From some far, sunny clime;
You'll come to me in life, in death,
Somehow, somewhere, sometime.

Sometime! somehow! somewhere!
From out life's twilight land
Your path will lead, for I shall need
The comfort of your hand.
What God may take, or Fate may give,
I do not know, nor care;
You will be mine while love shall live,
Sometime, somehow, somewhere.



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